

THE PROPHET.

Old Ellery Gregg, when the weather was fine,
When the sunlight was bubbling and sparkling like wine,
And the skies were as bright as the dreamings of boys
And the day seemed to be running over with joys,
Would squint at the sky and drink in the fresh air
With a look of distrust and he moved to declare:
"Ye may think it's Spring, but 't' Winter ain't quit!
I bet ye we pay for this fine weather yet!"

Old Ellery Gregg, when the Autumn was long
And the birds carried late and the open brook's song
In November was heard and the big yellow moon
Made the fields near as light as the sun did at noon,
When the earth was aflame with its yellow and red,
Would look with distrust and a shake of his head:
"It ain't human natur'—this here kind of thing!
I bet ye we ketch it nex' Winter, by jing!"

Old Ellery Gregg, when the winds whistled keen,
When the snow lay knee deep all the fences between,
When the boards creaked and snapped in the walk down the street,
When the wires sang with frost and the limbs hung with sleet,
Would tramp down the street with a challenge so grim
In his eyes as though this had been ordered for him:
"I tol' ye, by gum, that th' Winter ain't quit!
I tol' ye we'd pay for that fine weather yet!"

—J. W. FOLEY, in the New York Times.

Mr. Lane Stays at Home Saturday Morning

He Had the Grip, But Was Better Later in the Day

By Mrs. J. W. PHELPS.

Saturday morning, Mr. Lane observed to his wife, before he got up, that he believed he'd stay at home. Only half a day, anyhow, and there was nothing special. He would "phone down and it would be all right.

This was so unusual that Mrs. Lane was alarmed at once.

"Don't you feel well?" she inquired. "Well, no, can't say I do. Ache all over, and feel rather feverish. Guess I'm threatened with the grip. The other fellows in the office have all had it, so that it was only a question of time of my getting it, anyhow. I guess I'll be careful, stay in until Monday and break up the attack."

Here, with several groans, Mr. Lane began getting out of bed. "Why, you are not going to get up, are you?" said his wife in astonishment. "I was just going to get you some quinine and hot lemonade and a mustard plaster for your back and—"

"Good heaven, Mary! did I say that I was going to stay in bed," with a shudder at the visions his wife's list of remedies had conjured up, for Mr. Lane had never been sick in bed a day that he could remember. "I only said that I was going to take precautions so that I wouldn't get sick in bed. It is seldom necessary to be sick abed if one uses good judgment."

This last was said severely, for Mrs. Lane had been sick several times in the course of their married life and each illness had, according to the head of the house, been due to bad judgment.

As Mrs. Lane had heard this remark before, she merely said in bewilderment: "But I thought you were feverish and ached."

"Well, I guess staying in-doors will fix the aches all right. All those fool things are well enough for the boys."

Mrs. Lane went down to start breakfast. Mr. Lane dressed slowly and lay down on a couch in the living room.

Frank and Freddy, the two boys of the household, aged eleven and nine years respectively, appeared on the scene by racing down stairs and falling into the living room one on top of the other, to stop, dumbfounded, on seeing their father on the couch. Mr. Lane gave the boys a look without any smile in it.

"For heaven's sake, is that the way your mother has taught you to come down stairs?"

"No, sir!" came simultaneously from the two boys.

"Well, what on earth, then, made you? Why, this very couch shock!"

"We didn't know you was there," came in another chorus.

"Boys, come here, father isn't feeling well today," called their mother from the kitchen, "you must try to be quiet."

"Father's never been home Saturday morning before, has he?" observed Frank, squeaking noisily around. "It seems like Sunday, only we ain't going to church." Here Freddy knocked down a tin pan. There was a groan from the dining room.

"Did that make your head ache, dear?" inquired Mrs. Lane sympathetically, as she put the breakfast on the table.

"Ache! It fairly jumps, but there is no use lying down in this house."

"I'm so sorry, but it is Saturday. I can't let the boys out to play this snowy day with their colds, I'm afraid they will make some noise. They're boys, you know. It is not like two girls playing around. But it would be nice and quiet upstairs."

"Heavens! How many times must I tell you that I'm not sick! I'm only looking out not to get sick!"

Very inevitably, Mr. Lane sat down and very grumblingly, ate a good breakfast, having silenced the boys so that they did not dare to say a word.

Fred's head cold was in the "sniffly state," where a handkerchief was needed every two minutes, where one didn't dare to use a handy coat sleeve.

In the act of eating with a heavy face a very light muffin, Mr. Lane's attention was caught by a grimy wad,

alias a handkerchief, going up to Freddy's nose.

He shuddered as he thought of his immaculate linen squares. "Put it out of sight, this instant," he broke out, pointing to the offending article. "Don't let me see such a disgusting sight again at the table. It's enough to make a man sick when he is half sick already. Don't use it again."

"No, father," with a suppressed sniffle.

"Haven't you got any other handkerchiefs?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Suppose so; suppose you find it, then," replied his father.

Fred started up from the table.

"Sit down," commanded his father with an alarming emphasis on the last word.

"Hasn't your mother, and haven't I tried to make you understand that you are not to leave the table unless you are absolutely obliged to, and then not until you have asked to be excused?"

"But," began Fred, only to be stopped by—

"No talk from you. I am talking to you. It's a good thing I am going to be home today. I did not mean that you should bolt right up from the table and see how many handkerchiefs you had. There will be time enough after breakfast."

There was silence, the speaking kind. Mrs. Lane poured another cup of coffee for her grippy feeling spouse.

Mr. Lane's attention having been called to his boys, he continued to look critically at them. "Those all the suits the boys got?" he asked his wife a little later.

"Why, John, of course not. They have good best suits."

"I supposed they had," sarcastically, "but I mean their everyday clothes."

"They are plenty good enough for the boys to play in. The boys enjoy them better," replied his wife with some spirit.

"Enjoy, ahem. Well, they look mighty shabby." Out came a note book. Mem. Everyday suit of clothes, two boys, ages nine and eleven.

"I've trusted to you about their clothes, but I'll take time," with a sigh, "and get those children some suitable clothes."

Just here, there was an audible sniffle.

"Stop that, boy."

"I can't," said Fred, hopelessly.

"Where's your handkerchief?"

"It's dirty."

"Well, get another," said Mr. Lane in exasperation.

"I can't until after breakfast."

There was a giggle from Frank and another sniffle from Fred.

"Quiet," ordered the head of the house. "Now I will excuse you to get a handkerchief."

Fred went out quickly, but raced upstairs two at a time.

"Fred," thundered his father, when he reappeared. "Go back and go up those stairs quietly and come down quietly!"

Mr. Lane shook his head. He had always thought that his wife could bring the boys up all right, but perhaps he had been too negligent of his duty.

It was not a cheerful meal, but by the time it was through, Mrs. Lane was sure of one thing. Her husband could not be very sick and eat such a breakfast.

She went about her work serenely, saying to herself, "Every man is grumpy at home sometimes."

The mail man came, and Mr. Lane took the morning paper and settled himself comfortably in a big chair.

"Seems sort of nice, sitting down at home in the daytime," he observed benignly. "We don't see so awful much of each other, do we, Mary? If I was only rich as the boss now, I'd quit work and spend the days with you. Be nice, wouldn't it?"

"Indeed, it would," answered Mrs. Lane, loyally.

"You hurry up and get through and,

we will have a cozy little time together."

But Mrs. Lane could not answer, as the grocery boy came for his order. He had no sooner gone than the telephone rang. Mrs. Lane answered it. As she passed her husband, he patted her hand. He was getting quite spoony on top of a good breakfast.

Mr. Lane did not notice the first part of the conversation, but the last part came out distinctly.

"I don't see how I can. Mr. Lane is home this morning."

"Why, is he sick?"

"He feels as if he might have the grip."

"Dear me, I pity you. If there is one thing that drives me frantic, it is to have a man around in the kitchen half sick!"

"Yes"—answered Mrs. Lane, non-committedly.

"Oh, I see, he's right where he can hear. All right, good by."

Mrs. Lane hung up the receiver and looked lubiously at her husband. He was reading the paper and did not seem to see her. There were no more caresses. The silence was so profound in the dining room that one could hear the clock tick. Finally Mr. Lane said abruptly, "I never did like that Mrs. Sessions. Disagreeable woman. Thinks she knows it all."

About 9 o'clock, Mr. Lane wanted to know if his wife was not through. At 9.30 he inquired again, and at 10 o'clock he came out into the kitchen.

"What did you have to do this morning except get breakfast and it isn't time for dinner yet," he began, as she surveyed the kitchen and pantry, gloomily, for there did not seem to be much prospect of that quiet tete-a-tete with his wife in the cozy living room.

"It's baking day, today, John, and then you know I went to the Friday morning club yesterday."

"As if women could not get enough clubs afternoons and evenings without having them in the morning. It will get so that the men will be obliged to stay at home to do the housework."

Mr. Lane, in reality, was very proud of the fact that his wife belonged to this musical club.

"Well," looking at the sink, "I see you haven't washed the dishes yet. I suppose I can do them and that will help you out."

"Now, John, I am just getting to them and I'd rather do them," began Mrs. Lane, but her husband interrupted.

"Of course, I am going to do them. It is a poor sort of a man who cannot help his wife out once in a while at housework. I rather guess I can wash those dishes."

So Mrs. Lane patiently got the dishpan for him, the dish mop, the dish drainer, the towels, and Mr. Lane rolled up his sleeves, turned the faucets on till he got a brimming pan of hot water with soapsuds, as tall as they could stand, and started in. Mrs. Lane went vigorously to work in the pantry, determined not to look.

There was splashing and splashing and once or twice something dropped, but luckily did not break.

"There," said Mr. Lane, virtuously, after some minutes, "I bet lots of men would sit around and not lift a finger to help their wives out. Men, perfectly well, too, but lazy."

As he washed and washed, his idea of his own virtue grew.

After half an hour, he announced that he had got them nearly all washed and was about to wipe them.

Just then, there was a terrible racket up in the boys' playroom.

"What are the boys doing?" began Mrs. Lane. Mr. Lane pricked up his ears.

He listened.

He nodded his head.

"It sounds to me like a fight," he said grimly. With his wet apron still pinned around his waist line, he hastened upstairs to find Frank and Freddy with very red faces, with fists clenched for another bout. First the fighters knew, they were both in the hands of Mr. Lane, which part of his body certainly had the "grip." He set the boys down on opposite sides of the room.

"I'm ashamed of you. My boys fighting." He sat down, serious as a judge. Lucky, indeed, he was home. This was no situation for a woman to meet successfully. The boys were making heroic efforts not to giggle at the sight of their father in mother's apron.

"Now," began the judge, "what was the matter?"

"He said George Washington was the greatest man who ever lived and Abe Lincoln is."

"He said Abe Lincoln was the greatest man, and I said George Washington could beat him all out, screamed the boys."

"One at a time," commanded Mr. Lane.

"Washington went to war and rode right through flying bullets and Abe stayed shut up in the White House," yelled Frank.

"Abe was shot anyhow and Washington died in bed like any common man," retorted Fred.

"One—at-a-time," repeated Mr. Lane.

"How did you ever come to fight about such a thing as this?"

"Why, I showed him all about Washington so that anybody but a silly duffer would know he was the greatest man," began Frank, to be taken up by

Freddy, "and I showed him about Honest Old Abe and he just wouldn't give in."

"George Washington never told a lie," said Frank defiantly, "and Lincoln did!"

"He didn't!"

"Show me, where it says, he didn't then. You can't," tauntingly.

This had been too rapid for Mr. Lane to follow.

"Stop, boys, this is all nonsense. George Washington was the greatest man, of course, for if he hadn't been the Father of his country, Lincoln would never have been president." With this oracular remark Mr. Lane took the boys down stairs, and settled them in isolated places to study their history lesson for Monday, which punishment he thought was eminently fitting.

"Now," said Mr. Lane, "I will wipe the dishes."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Lane had looked at the rack of dishes. It was a sight. Plates, cups, saucers, glasses, tin dishes, all piled in with knives and forks sticking out of little crevices here and there, and the spider handle poking itself out at the top of them all! Whereat Mrs. Lane concluded that the spider was buried somewhere underneath. No wonder it had taken Mr. Lane so long to wash those dishes for he must have spent considerable time in planning how to put every identical dish, pot or pan to be washed in the rack before rinsing.

Mrs. Lane knew that only the one who packed those dishes up could unpack them with any safety. So she rinsed the rack of all kinds of dishes and her husband wiped them, ending up with the spider in triumph. He wiped those dishes in that delightful atmosphere which comes from doing the right thing at the right time.

By the time he was through, he discovered that he was pretty wet, having somehow washed his shirtsleeves and dampened his vest. This would never do for a man coming down with the grip. He hustled around and changed even his flannels, muttering, "Might get down with pneumonia. Be due to bad judgment entirely. Ought not to have been washing wet things anyway. Why in the world Mary would not keep a maid. No reason."

By the time he got back in the kitchen it was time for lunch.

"Lunch time," said Mr. Lane, taking out his watch to verify by the clock, which proved to be one minute slow. Out came memorandum book. Send kitchen clock to be cleaned.

"And by Jove," as another thought struck him. "Just got the breakfast dishes done, and now it is nearly time to do those for lunch. Seems as if there is a lack of system here. You need a maid and I'm going to send one up Monday morning."

"Why, John, I love to go my work and I'm perfectly well."

"I guess when we can afford a maid all right, and all the neighbors have one, you'll have one. It's made me nervous as a cat to hear you walking, walking all the morning." And out came the memorandum book. "Go to intelligence office Monday for efficient maid."

At lunch, Mr. Lane did not feel very hungry. The nice roast pork he took none of, but made no comment until Mrs. Lane spoke of it. Then with a martyr-like expression, he said, "I never quite knew it to fail that if I did not feel quite up to the mark, but that you had roast pork. I never ought to eat it, with my stomach."

He was slowly picking up a meal from the other dishes, when the telephone rang. The call was for him. This is what Mrs. Lane and the boys heard:—

"Oh, yes, that you, Dick?"

"Fine and dandy."

"Sure?"

"You bet I would. I'll be ready right off. Good-by."

"Dick's going to take over his new horse and get him used to the Boulevard. We're going right off."

"But, do you think you would better go out?" said Mrs. Lane.

"Mercy, yes, my grip is all broken up. Staying in this morning fixed that job. No one need really get into bed if he uses a little judgment."

With that, Mr. Lane got ready and soon went off with his friend, while Mrs. Lane, after doing up the dishes, went over to see her friend, Mrs. Sessions, and talk it off.—Hartford Courant.

Useful Contrivance.

Mrs. De Flat—Can you show me anything new in folding beds?

Dealer—Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring and it turns into a washstand and a bath tub. After your bath you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing case with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast you press these buttons at once, and you will have an upright piano. That's all it will do, except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin.—Tit Bits.

Last year the geological survey fixed prices on 2,598,621 acres of public coal lands and classified 10,857,572 acres as non-coal land.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Galena, Kans.—"A year ago last March I fell, and a few days after there was soreness in my right side. In a short time a bunch came and it bothered me so much at night I could not sleep. It kept growing larger and by fall it was as large as a hen's egg. I could not go to bed without a hot water bottle applied to that side. I had one of the best doctors in Kansas and he told my husband that I would have to be operated on as it was something like a tumor caused by a rupture. I wrote to you for advice and you told me not to get discouraged but to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did take it and soon the lump in my side broke and passed away."—Mrs. R. R. HUEY, 713 Mineral Ave., Galena, Kans.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to many suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

But you can't spend it. Buy "BATTLE AXE" SHOES. An honest man does not make himself a dog for the sake of a bone.

For Red, Itching Eyelids, Cysts, Styes, Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care, Try Murine Eye Salve. Aseptic Tubes, Trial Size, 25c. Ask Your Druggist or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

No Joke Either.

"Yes," said a traveling man the other night, "I was once out of sight of land on the Atlantic Ocean twenty-one days."

There was a small-sized crowd sitting around. Another man spoke up. "On the Pacific Ocean one time I didn't see land for twenty-nine days," he said.

A little bald-headed man knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"I started across the Kaw River at Topeka in a skiff once," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the other side."

"Aw, come off," said the man who had told the first tale. "The Kaw isn't more than 300 feet wide at Topeka."

"I didn't say it was," said the little bald-headed man quickly. "The skiff turned over and I sank twice."

A Stupid Manservant. "Chawles," he drawled to his new manservant, as he settled himself comfortably in his library armchair for an after-dinner siesta, "you are to waken me whenever I am thirsty," tossing off a Scotch highball as he spoke.

"But how shall I know, Sir, when you are thirsty?"

"I shall be thirsty whenever I am roused, of course," with a look of good-natured pity for the new man's stupidity.—New York Times.

Comfort and New Strength

Await the person who discovers that a long train of coffee ails can be thrown off by using

POSTUM

in place of Coffee

The comfort and strength come from a rebuilding of new nerve cells by the food elements in the roasted wheat used in making Postum.

And the relief from coffee ails come from the absence of caffeine—the natural drug in coffee.

Ten days' trial will show any one

"There's a Reason" for

POSTUM